

The History of

Harry to Harry, shal not horse to horse
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Doug. Thats the worst tydings, that I heare of it.

Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?

Ver. I o thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away.

The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Com let vs take a muster speedily,

Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.

Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of
sacke, our souldiers shal march through, Weele to Sutton copse
hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-
ty, take them all, Ile answer the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant
Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell.

Exit.

Fal. If I be ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sowth gurnet, I
haue misused the Kings preſte dammably. I haue got in ex-
change of 150 souldiers, 300 and odde poundes. I preſse mee
none, but good householders, Yeomen ſonnes, inquire me out
contracted batchellers, such as had beene askt twice on the
banes, such a commodity of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare
the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Calliuer,
worſe the a ſtrook ſoule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, preſse me none
but such roſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger
then pius heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and
now

Henric the fourth.

now my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals,
tenants, gentleme of companies, ſlaues as ragged as
in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked
and ſuch as indeed were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded
ſeruing me, yonger ſons to yonger brothers, reuolted
& Oſſlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and
peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an olde
ancient, and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them
bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that
hundred and fifty tottered prodigals, lately come from
keeping, from eating draſſe & husks. A radd fellow
on the way, and told me I had vnloaded al the gibbets
the dead bodies. No eie hath ſeene ſuch ſkar-crowe
march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay,
villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had g
for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon, their
ſhirt and a halfe in al my company, and the halfe ſhirt
napkins tack't together, and throwe ouer the ſhoul-
a Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirt, to ſay t
ſtolne from my hoſt at S. Albones, or the red noſe In
Dauinty, but that's al one, thei'e find linnen enough
ry hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne lacke? how now, quilts?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuell
in Warwickſhire? My good L of Weſtmerland, I cry
cie, I thought your honor had already bin at Shrewſ-

West. Faith, ſir Iohn, it is more than time that I we
you too, but my powers are there already: the king
you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away al night.

Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Ca
Creame.

Prin. I think to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theſe
ready made thee butter: but tell me, lacke, whoſe fel
theſe that come aſter.

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pitiful rafcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, foode for pow